Hell. Haile Madam, and my Queene.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You haue heard me say when I did flye from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute; can you remember what I cald the man, I haue namde him of?

Thai. Twas *Helicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deare Thaisa, this is hee, now do I long to heare how you were found? how possibly preserued? and who to thanke (besides the Gods) for this great miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* my Lord, this man through whom the Gods shewne their power that can from first to last resolue you.

Per. Reuerent Sir the Gods can haue no mortall officer more like a God then you, will you deliuer how his dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me vnto my house. where shall be shewne you all was found with her, how she came plac'st heere in the temple, no needfull thing ommitted

Per. Puer Dian blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee; Thaisa this Prince, the faire bethrothed of your daughter, shall marry her at Pentapolis, and now this ornament that makes me looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeares no razor touch to grace thy marriage day, Ile beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauens make a star of him, yet there my *Queene*, weele celebrate their Nuptiall, and our selues will in that Kingdome spend our following dayes; our sonn and daughter shall in *Tyrus*

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir, leads the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and lust reward:

In

Periclee, his *Queene* and daugh
hough assaylde with Fortune
Vertue preferd from fell destr
Led on by heauen, and crownd
In *Helicanus* may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith of loyalty
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well app
The worth that learned charity aye
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife
Had spread their cursed deed,
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citty turne
That him and his, they in his Pallace
The gods for murder seemed so co
To punish although not done, but
So, on your patience euermor
New ioy waite on you heere

FINIS